

THE RUNAWAY SUBMARINE

By FRANCIS GARDINER

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"Did you hear that I'd changed the name of the Polly P?" asked Capt. Solomon as I met him at the head of the wharf. "Well, I hev. She's the Submarine now."

"Ye see, it was just about two months ago, when I was going from Friendship, Maine, down to New York! Gen'ally I carry a man before the mast. Then there's Bill Clement, the cook, and me. But on this trip a feller that was going as hand before the mast didn't show up, so there was just me'n Bill. Howsomover, we got down into the sound all right. It was somers down New London way when the wind flat out, and the fog come down thick."

"I see 'twarn't no use trying to do northern that night, and me'n Bill was both of us pretty high tuckered out, being short-handed so. So I sez to Bill: 'You get up for'ard and let go anchor and the Polly P. will stay right here to-night.'"

"'Twas about nine o'clock when I was jest trumpling in the main sheet and the rattle of the anchor had jest stopped that I heard Bill let out a screech. It begun like one of them little screeches a woman makes when she sees a mouse, and it kinder swelled up an' bust into a howl like the yell of one of them new-fangled siren whistles on a tugboat. I rightly judged that Bill was scairt, and then I'll confess to you that my hair kind of riz, what there is of it, for jest scarping and slumping alongside the old Polly was the darndest looking thing you ever see."

"The monster was moving kind of slow and, as it went scarping along under the quarter, jest abeam of the cabin window, the lamp light fell on its broad and shiny back, and all of a sudden I see in that black something which I knew never grew on Jonah's whale or the sea serpent either, 'cause 'twas a good, stout, iron ring-bolt. Naturally when I see that ring-bolt I



"Me'n the Lieutenant Crooked Our Elbows."

knew 'twarn't no sea serpent, and at the same time I cal'ated that it was probably somethin' which had got adrift. So I jest grabbed the slack of the main sheet and jumped over the side on to the back of the critter and took two half hitches through that ring."

"Next thing I knew something came awishing through the air and hit, bang, right alongside of me. I'd had er hit I shouldn't hev' been telling you this story now. That's the reason we got a new hatchet, 'cause Bill, thinking the sea serpent had got the old man, grabbed the ax we'd been using for the last half dozen years and let her go. I shouted to him to stop firing and to heave in on the sheet, and then we got the thing up alongside and got a look at her."

"And by the Great Jumping Jehookibbus! it developed that we'd jest naturally captured a runaway submarine boat—one of the identical kind that the papers say is going to revolutionize the art of naval warfare. Yes, sir, there she was as sound and jest as slick as the day she was built. We jest made her fast and waited for daylight."

"It seemed a long time, but at last morning come and with it there came a breeze that lifted the fog. First thing we see, about a mile off, was one of them tramp Dago steamers. She might hev' been a Norway boat, but then, they's all Dagoes anyway, or at least they're all jest about the same. Well, when the folks on that steamer see us there was great ructions over there. We could see 'em running 'round and almost hear 'em jabbering, and then they lowered a boat."

"When I see what was going on it came to me in a flash jest what had happened. I had read in the papers about their building submarines for Rooshy, and it was evident enough that this one was intended to be taken over in that steamer, but the Dagoes, not being much as sailors anyway, had lost the thing."

"Naturally, I jest felt right back on my rights as a free-born American citizen. I hadn't been a sailor for 40 year without knowing international and maritime law, no, sir. Not much, by the Great Jehookibbus! I jest sings out to Bill: 'Bill, sez I, 'you hustle down below and get me the glorious Stars and Stripes, and at the same

time you bring up my grandfather Green's old musket that's down there.'"

"I ran down, too, and got my silk hat—one I always carry, 'cause you never know when you're away from home when you may be required to put on full dress, so to speak. So I claps the hat on my head and gets out onto the deck of that submarine and jest fastens the flag of this free and glorious country to a boat hook and sticks it up on the deck."

"When they got near enough I see that there was a chap in the stern who seemed to be of a different cut from most of them Dagoes. I knew he was a Rooshian the minute I set eyes on him. He had the same beard that every one of 'em has, including the czar and all the rest. Of course, I stood ready with the old musket in my hands and the flag of freedom fluttering just above my Sunday hat. I was prepared to repel boarders, but the boat stopped when she was in good hailing distance and the chap in the stern stood up and shouted to me in English."

"'Is ze gentleman,' he says, 'that I has ze honor to address, ze captain of ze schooner?'"

"I turns to the Rooshian and in answer to his question I says briefly: 'I he.' You see at that stage of the game I didn't propose to waste no words and say something I might be sorry for afterward. Thereupon the man in the boat begins again."

"'I have ze honor to inform ze captain,' he says, 'I have ze honor to inform ze captain (meaning me, you understand) zat ze submarine boat to which ze captain has made fast during ze night is in my charge. I present my compliments to ze captain, and request that he will delivare ze submarine boat to me, its rightful possessor.'"

"'Well, now,' I said, 'I have the honor to inform you'—by Jehookibbus, we can be just as polite down in Friendship, Maine, as any foreigner that ever sailed the Seven Seas—so I sez to him, 'I have the honor to inform you that having found the aforesaid submarine derelict on the high seas, I, Solomon B. Peabbles, of the town of Friendship, in the grand old state of Maine, have legally taken possession of the said derelict, and anybody desiring to prove claims can do so by appearing before the proper authorities in the courts of this great and glorious country.'"

"And then by way of a wind-up I just shouted at him, so that he would know that I knew what I was talking about, 'And God save the United States of America!'"

"Then the man in the boat spoke once more."

"'Would ze Captain Peabbles negotiate as friends without taking ze matter into ze courts?'"

"That's where them foreign chaps has the advantage of us. They're mighty smooth spoken. Of course, he see the game from the start. I met him half-way, but I warn't taking no chances. So I sez to Bill: 'You get aboard this craft and keep the flag a-flying while I receive this gent on the Polly P.'"

"When we'd changed places, I sez to the Rooshian: 'Step aboard,' I sez, and he warn't slow about stepping. I showed him into the cabin and we set down. He begun his little chanty the moment he got aboard, but I stopped him. There warn't going to be no 'northern' irregular about them negotiations."

"'Before we proceed,' I sez, 'I must respectfully remind you that ye didn't let one of your visiting cards float down on the tide.'"

"'It would pretty near killed you to hev' seen him then. He bowed and scraped like a dancing master. 'Thousand pardons,' he sez, 'but it is necessary that I reveal ze incognito.'"

"'Well,' I sez, 'you can keep that if you want to, but I guess ye'd better say who ye be.'"

"He looked at me a minute, right in the eyes, and then he see I meant business and he give in. He kinder grinned and said he was Lieut. Razor-back, or something similar, and that he had come here to get them submarines which 'was to be taken to Rooshy in the Dago steamer.'"

"Well, I ain't telling jest what happened during them negotiations, but there ain't no mortgage on my place down to Friendship an' my girl Polly has got a new planner. When that lieutenant had gone over to the steamer and come back with a bag which chinked when you shook it, I felt so good that I got out a little something I had on board for fear me or Bill might be took sick. And then me'n the lieutenant crooked our elbows, once for the president and once for the czar. And after the Rooshian hed gone and the submarine had been towed back to the steamer, me'n Bill just took another to the mikado, so there shouldn't be any ill feeling any where."

"That's why I changed the name of the Polly to Submarine, so's there'd be a sort of record of the affair. To be sure, it's a secret. Me'n Bill, 'n' you 'n' the folks to home, 'n' the Rooshian 's all that knows it. The Rooshian don't count. Them Rooshian sailors are good ones to keep secrets after they get 'round to meet the Japs; couldn't tell a secret if they wanted to."

"Now don't you let on about that secret," said Cap'n Solomon, but there was a twinkle in his eye when he said it."



Importance of Stitch in Time

AVOIDING TROUBLE AND FRUSTRATION IN HOME LIFE.

Some Temper-Saving Devices—Vacations for Overworked Nerves—When Parents Should Restrain Restless Boys.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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If only people knew the wonderful virtue, almost the magic, that is bound up in a stitch in time, three-fourths of the illness, annoyance, friction and trouble in home life would be eliminated.

Take the commonest matters of repair in an ordinary house. How we neglect little things that might be mended or adjusted in an instant if somebody would take the trouble and if procrastination were not the fatal habit of the best people under the sun. A screw is loose in a doorknob and the knob comes off in the hand. A very little time and pains would set the thing right, but nobody notices it and presently the knob itself becomes disordered and useless. Broken wash cords, leaking roofs, sagging hinges, loosened paper and any number of other petty vexations and negligences detract from the respectable appearance of a home, and heedless folk let them alone until it costs much money and considerable effort to attend to them.

Loss of temper is not generally put down as an item in the domestic balance sheet, but it might as well be since it mars the peace of far too many homes. A box of tools and somebody who is handy in their use are great savers of temper in household economy. The reasonable use of paste and glue and of paint when needed give a home that look of thrift and beauty that adds much to its value in the market. Nothing is more undesirable in a home than a run-down look consequent on the neglect of the stitch in time.

Suppose we glance at this homely adage as it affects health in the family and in the individual. An unsuspected leak in the plumbing may be responsible for diphtheria or typhoid fever in a home. Disease and death are frequently attributed to Divine Providence when the blame is wholly due to personal neglect. Preventable suffering should not be laid at the door of heaven.

A man is aware that he is not in his usual condition of strength, he tires easily and takes cold with alarming frequency. Now is the moment for the stitch in time. Nature is doing her very best in danger signals and is warning the man by every means in her power that he must call a halt. With mistaken zeal he clods on in the face of her warnings and presently there is a wreck. The man comes down with an illness, and the family, if he dies, speak of it as strange and mysterious. There is nothing mysterious in a break down, from over-work. Where it is possible to take even a day's outing or where a week's rest will freshen and restore the faded and repair the wasted brain tissues, the stitch in time will prove effectual.

We laugh at colds and regard them as the disagreeable commonplace of existence. The plain truth however is that colds are nearly always hindrances that might have been avoided. Repeated colds and neglected colds pave the way for the entrance of those malevolent germs that undermine the very foundations of life. To keep the body in a state of the highest possible vitality in the part of wisdom, and

CAP FOR THE BABY.

Design That Is Both Practical and Pretty.

Babies' little caps always interest mothers, and the one illustrated is particularly practical. A fine linen



handkerchief, either with a hem-stitched or scalloped and embroidered edge, is folded as in cut; the two fold

this may often be done by the use of a stitch in time.

He noted that a stitch is not a pin. Thousands of inconsequent people stick in a pin when they ought to thread a needle and take a stitch. A stitch implies something permanent. Those who resort when weary to stimulants, tonics, bitters, narcotics or any sort of artificial help that is the tempting refuge of weakness, are merely trusting to treacherous phos. Stimulants and narcotics give only temporary relief and the fatal tendency in both is to make their victims so dependent that they cannot get on without the artificial help. Nobody who can stand on his own feet and walk without aid wants to be seen with a cane or a crutch. Except in cases of illness and by the direct prescription of a responsible physician, drugs should not be tampered with. The well known fact that they are often adulterated makes them even more perilous than they would be were their purity guaranteed. They are costly remedies at the best and do not deserve the character of a stitch in time.

Another aspect of the case has to do with the education of our children. Not so much with that part of their education that falls within the scope of the schoolroom, but with that which they receive from the street and from their comrades in play. The moment a parent notices that a boy is restless and uneasy at home, that he steals off after supper and spends the evening with boys who are hooting and yelling in rough play, or are lingering about corners or at the entrances of theaters, is the moment when the stitch in time should be taken. I recall instances of little chaps who were very satisfactory until they reached the trying age when the small boy slips the husk of childhood and emerges into the big boy impatient of restraint. Father and mother were blindly indulgent or unduly severe. They gave a tether too long or too short. They nagged or scolded, but they failed to take the stitch in time. Cheerful evenings at home, sympathy, confidence and properly exercised authority, save boys from themselves and from the tempter at the critical period when most of all the home should hover over them as a guardian angel.

At a period in life, when the feet are on the western slope and the sunset begins to cast its shadows, people should not fail to take a stitch in time. There is no ignoring the fact that men and women cannot safely continue in old age the activity that was natural and pleasant when they were young. They may maintain a high rate of health and a very satisfactory amount of vigor and of attainment by consulting prudence as to what they do and what they leave undone.

The analogy of the autumn fields should furnish elderly people with a serviceable hint. Weeks ago everything was growing and ripening. But when the harvest has been reaped and the fields lie basking in the golden autumn sun, Nature rests. They who have worked long and faithfully and borne the burden and heat of the day should take a stitch in time when they have earned it. What this stitch shall be depends on inclination and temperament. To retire wholly from business after a man has been active all his days is often to invite paresis or to sign one's death warrant. Take a stitch in time that best suits you. It need not be more than a stitch. To drop every thing and take a back seat is often the worst decision that can be made.

ed corners are then turned up, the corner A turned down with a bow of ribbon, and tacked securely. Turn back the two corners B and open the cap so that a single thickness is around the head, and the back has several layers of handkerchief, triangular in shape. Satin ribbon forms the strings and a small flannel cap is made to wear beneath in cold weather.

A Perfect Guest Room.

There was a blazing little wood fire that never was allowed to go out. A ticking clock that kept good time. A writing desk with all materials. Matches and candles just where they should be.

The last new book and some amusing magazines on the table.

The little breakfast tray that came to the room of mornings was a poem. A dewy bunch of violets flanked the glittering little silver service and exquisite linen.

Everything showing an attentive hostess, who took thought that her guest should be personally cared for,

GRASSES FOR PASTURAGE.

I have seeded considerable land the past ten years and will give briefly my experience and observation, writes a correspondent of Farmers' Review.

In Mercer county, Illinois, the blue grass (and red-top in the lowlands) will supplant all other grasses in a short time when used either as meadow or pasturage, especially the latter. My plan of getting a good pasture is as follows: I seed in either spring or autumn; if in spring, with oats, in autumn with rye. With oats I go through with seeder and sow one bushel of clover seed to ten acres of ground, then I sow three bushels of oats, disk thoroughly, harrow once the same way, then sow one peck of timothy seed, then cross harrow and leave until oats are ready to harvest, and almost invariably have a good stand. If on low ground I add a little red top which is easily grown and yields a bountiful supply of both hay and pasture. I sow clover first, as it roots deepest. The following year I have an excellent crop of hay pasture in the fall. At this time blue grass appears, and in two or three years is firmly set. After the first year the land may be pastured steadily and soon forms a firm sod.

Rye is an excellent crop with which to seed. I plow the land about four inches deep as soon as oats are out of the way, enough to cover all trash. I then sow my rye at the rate of one and one-half bushels per acre, and one-tenth bushel clover seed, harrow once and then apply one peck of timothy and lowland red top and harrow thoroughly. This should be done by September first; if then gets all the fall rains. After October first it may be pastured in dry weather. In the spring it may be pastured without injury to either crop until June first. Rye always sheds out some and will reseed itself and makes excellent pasture of meadow. Whether seeding with rye or oats I always cut the stubble high to protect from the hot sun. In the past ten years I have never yet missed getting a good solid stand for pasture or meadow.

OIL IN MACADAM HIGHWAYS.

Experiments Being Conducted in This Country to Test Their Value.

Road experts are more or less interested in the use of oil on highways. In Chicago, says the Prairie Farmer, what was known as the old "Midway" in 1912 has been converted into a boulevard connecting Washington and Jackson parks. On the north drive of the old "Midway" the park commissioners have applied oil to the drive, with the result that it has become hard and somewhat unsafe for horses. Consequently, drivers of fine horses are avoiding this thoroughfare and taking the other which is macadam, but unoled. It is reported that the oiled side of the boulevard is in high favor with automobilists.

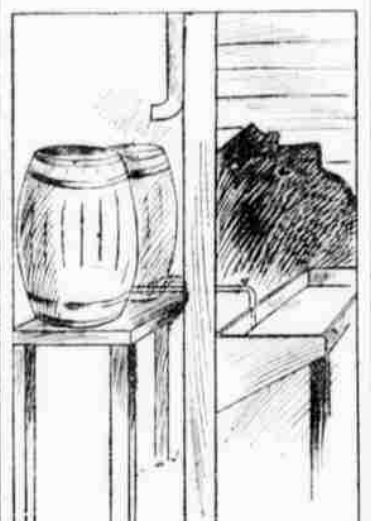
When oil is applied to earth roads the effect is not so marked. In portions of southern California, for instance, where the seasons are mild, the use of oil is regarded as highly beneficial to earth roads.

The department of agriculture is working on the oil road proposition and is hopeful of results. In Europe oil highways are spoken of very highly by writers who have inspected them, but it is evident that if oil is used in this country to any great extent it must be applied in a combination which will not be either risky or injurious to horses.

RAIN BARREL AND SINK.

Arrangement Which Will Provide Convenient Wasting Facilities.

Here is the sketch of a handy arrangement by which a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer has connected his rain barrel on the outside of the house under the eave with a sink in the wood house where the men wash



Connecting Rain Barrels with Sink.

before meals. The plan is well illustrated in the cut.

One large barrel may be used, or two may be connected as shown. During the season where there is plenty of rain there is little trouble in keeping the barrels filled and ready for use.

Treatment of Old Harness.

An old harness can be kept looking like new by using a dressing made from three ounces turpentine and two ounces white wax dissolved and mixed over a slow fire. Then add one ounce very black well pulverized. Wash the leather clean and when dry apply the dressing.

We need to pay more attention to the fertilizing of our land.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.



To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular periods, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and female weakness and worn out with pain and weariness. I one day noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked at it, and my husband felt in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

WHAT WE OWE TO INSECTS.

They Are of the Greatest Benefit to Growing Flowers.

Prof. Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects, by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization, have produced the gay flowers of the field. Prof. Plateau, of Ghent, has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in the connection he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attraction in flowers to insects—as yet, it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright-colored ones and the less conspicuous blossoms like those of the currants, the lime, the planetree, the nettle and the willow.

Wild Animals on the Ocean.

A scientist has made some interesting observations as to the love of different wild animals for the sea. The polar bear, he says, is the only one that takes naturally to the sea, and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water. The tiger suffers most of all. Horses are very bad sailors, and often perish on a voyage. Elephants do not like the sea.

NO DAWDLING.

A Man of 70 After Finding Coffee Hurt Him, Stopped Short.

When a man has lived to be 70 years old with a 40-year-old habit grown to him like a knot on a tree, chances are he'll stick to the habit till he dies.

But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Onlookers by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40 only.

"I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change."

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise. "For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to hold it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, that seems convincing."

"Now, when I have writing to do, or long columns of figures to cast up, I feel equal to it and can get through my work without the fagged out feeling of old." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."